

A Godly Guide of Directions

for true penitent Sinners in these troubled times.

That we call to God to be our friend,
To thinke upon our latter end,
Mans Life is short and at no stay
Wee almost haue a dying day,

That God may guide us along,
To bring us to our heavenly home,
Where our Soules may live and ever rest
With heavenly Angels that are blest.

Tune is, Aim not too high. by Robert Tipping.



God people all, I pray you understand
These verses now which I do take in hand
And take good notice I pray you to the end
It will put you in mind that God will be your friend
Theres little Love in this World to be seen
Our hearts doth swell with malice evermore
It is a great wonder for our grievous sin
God does not strike us with some grievous sore.

There was never so much swearing in this Land,
And taking of gods sacred name in vain
It hurts our peace and does destroy our Land.
And sore offends our gracious God of Heaven,
It is a grievous thing if people would but mind
To think how sinful in this land we be
God give us grace that we may mend in time
And beg for pardon on our bended knee
What innocent blood by Villains has been shed
A grievous thing it was then to behold

In use to bring Gods Judgment on our head
But still his mercies they are manifold.
Good Lord that people would but live more civil
And serve the Lord in a most loving way
And forsake the Sin of Pride that is so evil
That God may be our friend both night & day
'Tis not the pride of Cloths but the pride of heart
That hurts a man or woman I do say,
The Lord takes notice of the inner part
Therefore good people were had need to pray.
And let love and charity be more in use
And serve the Lord & keep the Sabbath-day
Or then there would not be so much abuse
But mend our lives I say then every way.
The holy Bible shewes us every way
It was for sin the world before was drown'd,
If we understand but what the Scripture saith
We must repent or sin will us confound.

Our Saviour bids us if we be releas
 Come with penitent heart our souls shall make a show
 And come to him and he will give us rest
 If they were as red as scarlet hee'l make them as white as snow.

Theres many never thinks of serving God
 For many sudden death there is truly,
 But runs on in sin till they be stricken dead,
 And as the tree doth fall so it will lye.

You see what warning-pieces God hath sent
 By fire and sword, and sickness for our sins,
 To turn our hearts that we may all repenc
 Yet to mend we're loth for to begin.

Let's leave our sins & pray for spiritual Grace
 To trim our lamps, to fill them up with Oyl
 Our dying day is coming on apace
 Then God will give A blessing to our Souls.

Gods mercy it is great we may be sure
 If we with penitent hearts can but repent
 If we with patience can our Cross endure
 In health or sickness truly be content.

And lets be careful how our time we spend
 And love our Neighbour and relieve the poor
 Whatever we do that God may be our Friend,
 Gods mercies they will bless us and our Store,

Now all good people I say no more but this
 Lets live in love while this Life doth endure,
 Let every one mend what is amiss
 Gods love is to those people to be sure.

Our time is short we have not long to stay
 But yet lets strongly stand upon our guard,
 God give us grace to mind our latter day
 That our souls in Heaven may have a good reward.

Concluding of these verses now in print
 God bless us all & ever to our death
 That all may understand what here is int
 When he is pleas'd that we shall loose our Breath.

The oldest man that ever liv'd on earth
 Had but his time he at the last did dye,
 We must stoop to death & leave this life at last
 Let us work for Heaven, and Heavenly Eternity.

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